

*The Tragedie*

By drunken prophesies libels and dreames,  
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,  
In deadly hate the one against the other,  
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust  
As I am subtle, false and trecherous.  
This day should *Clarence* closely bee mewd vp,  
About a prophesie which sayes that G.  
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.  
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*  
*Heere Clarence comes, a Guard of men.*  
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard  
That waits vpon your grace?  
*Cl.* His maiesty tending my persons safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.  
*Glo.* Vpon what cause?  
*Cl.* Because my name is *George*,  
*Glo.* Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,  
He should for that commit your god fathers:  
O belike his maiesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new christned in the tower,  
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?  
*Cl.* Yea *Richard* when I doe know, tot I protest  
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,  
He herkens after prophesies and dreames,  
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,  
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,  
His issue disinherited should be,  
And for my name of *George* begins with G,  
It followes in his thought that I am he;  
These as I learne and such like royes as these,  
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.  
*Glo.* Why this it is when men are rulde by women,  
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,  
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she  
That tempts him to this extremitie,  
Was it not she and that good man of worship  
*Anthony Woodville* her brother there,  
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliuered?  
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

*of Richard the Third.*

*Cl.* By heauen I thinke there is no man secur'd  
But the queenes kindred, and nighe walking heralds  
that truge betweene the King and *Mistis Shore*:  
Heard you not what an humble suppliant  
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deliuey?  
*Glo.* Humbly complayning to her Deity,  
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,  
It tell you what, I thinke it were our way,  
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,  
To bee her men and were her liuery,  
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her selfe,  
Since that our brother dubbd them *Gentlewomen*,  
Are mighty gossip in this monarchy.  
*Bro.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me?  
His maiesty hath straightly given in charge,  
That no man shall haue priuate conference,  
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.  
*Glo.* Euen so and please your worship *Brokenbury*,  
You may pertake of any thing wee say:  
We speake no treason man, we say the King  
Is wise and vertuous and the noble Queene  
Well stroke in yeares, faire and not iealous,  
We say that *Shores* wife hath a pretty toothe,  
A chery lip a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:  
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:  
How say you sir, can you deny all this?  
*Bro.* With this (My Lord) my selfe hath nought to do.  
*Glo.* Nought to do with *Mistis Shore*, I tell thee fellow,  
He that doth nought with her excepting one,  
Were best he do it secretly alone,  
*Bro.* What one my Lord?  
*Glo.* Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?  
*Bro.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-  
Your conference with the noble Duke. (*beare*)  
*Cl.* we know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey,  
*Glo.* We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,  
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,  
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,  
Were it to call King *Edward*s widdow sister,  
A 3 I will